

# Beneath the Helmet

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-12-18 19:35:19

Updated: 2013-09-23 05:22:14

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:04:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 8

Words: 15,261

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Nobody knows who Six is, or what he looks like, but can an afternoon drinking coffee change that? Only one way to find out!

## 1. Coffee Break?

**\*\*Helmets\*\***

Typical day for the noble team, Jun was practicing, well, being forced to by Emile, while Carter, Jorge and Kat did recon on the area. This left Six alone in the break room. He sighted, leaning back in the chair.

"I really should get that hair cut today." He mused out loud as his sandy-brownish blonde hair poked out into his sight in the helmet. He glanced lazily at the clock, finding it to be three in the afternoon.

The Covenant had been rally lazy this past week, only sending small recon parties or a small group of skirmishers. That had given the whole Noble Team a basic week off. In that time, Six had fallen into the habit of napping or having a drink around this time.

"Tea, tea, teaâ€|" He muttered to himself looking around the room. Finding no teabags, he resolved to inform Carter of this before getting him a cup of coffee and adding a generous amount of milk and sugar.

He sighed, checking the comms on last time before slipping off his helmet and setting the gray and black item on the table. He groaned, cracking his neck and shaking out his hair as he took a sip of the liquid. He smiled, leaning back in the metal chair.

He wondered what he should do for the rest of todayâ€|work out with the Marine unitâ€| he always found the E course funâ€| mostly because

of the mud, although Carter hates the mud in the barracks. He could see if a Falchion was open and if he couldn't pilot it around the area for a scouting tour. His thoughts then drifted to playing a game of golf. He wondered how far he could hit now. He had only played once or twice with his dad when he was younger.

"Ah. I'll do the E-course again, it was fun yesterday." He said, making up his mind and sitting back up in the chair.

He sat in the chair quietly, sipping his coffee before bringing up a holo his profile. He read it, finding that most of the information had been removed. He smiled, brushing his too-long-hair out of the way.

The door creaked open, revealing Kat and Emile talking about something. The both glanced at Six, and registered the missing helmet. Six on the other hand, froze before jumping into action. He grabbed his helmet, threw it at Emile's head, and then as it bounced off, caught it and pulled it on, all in the matter of a split-second.

"Ow," Emile complained, rubbing his skull helmet.

"Six. your hair's hanging out." Kat said bluntly, pointing to clump of sandy-brown hair leaking out of his helmet.

"I knew I should have gotten that hair cut yesterday." Six began tucking the hair back into the helmet.

"So. I never knew you had green eyes." Kat said, smiling.

Six looked up, his silver visor revealing none of his facial expression. "Oh. shit." He finally said as both of the Spartans took off after the fleeing Six as they tried to rip his helmet off again.

## 2. Maintenance

**\*\*Figured I might as well do something with this! So, here. enjoy the randomness of this and Emilie is definitely NOT threatening me with his knife if I don't write this. \*\***

### Maintenance

Six glared at Kat and Emilie, having them seen part of his face, even if only his left eye, he was still on edge. Emilie still claimed that Six had a bionic eye and the right side of his face was metal and his head was see through and partly gears and gizmos just to annoy Jun.

"Six, what's your eye color?" Carter called from the door.

Then where still stationed at the base, but they had had small encounters with scouting parties more frequently. Six had to be thankful for that, because it let him get a haircut, sort of. It was closer to an Elite shaving off the fringes of his hair that stuck out of his helmet, but still.

"Sir, that information is classified by Command." He replied blankly,

trying his best to keep all emotions out of his voice.

"That's an order soldier." Carter replied, knowing he had Six there.

Six grumbled something that his AI couldn't quite pick up before replying to the question, "Sir Green."

Carter nodded before sitting down across from Six and inspecting his armor. It needed some maintenance. The plasma burns that had slipped through the shield were marked by a blackened scorched area on Six's grey and black torso and the legs were covered in grim. Carter knew it didn't really matter, but he liked to perform maintenance on his armor after every battle or so if he could. It kept the system running at maximum capability and prevented jitters in the armor, such as radar or comm failure.

"Six, you're gonna have to get some maintenance sooner or later." Kat said, noticing it too.

Six looked down at his chest plate and nodded slowly. He sighed, rolling his chair out to a corner and pulling a screwdriver and a cloth out of a compartment in his belt. Then his shield disengaged and he started clearing the mud and muck out of his leg armor.

"Six, that's not what I meant."

"It'll work for the time being, as of this moment, we're supposedly in a meeting on battle tactics and therefore I am unable to properly disassemble and inspect individual pieces."

"He's like a dam robot today." Emilie chimed in.

"Greenie." Jun said, cleaning his 'godly' sniper rifle.

"Jun, you do realize that someday I would really enjoy shoving that rifle up your-" Emile was cut off by the alarm.

"Ha! Now I can't get my armor done anytime soon!" Six laughed inside his helmet.

The squad exchanged looks, Carter taking off his helmet to look at Six. "Did you just laugh?"

"Umâ€¦ yes sir?"

The squad burst out laughing, Jorge's laughter the loudest as it almost shadowed the alarm. "Come on Noble team, let's clean this up. Then let's drag Six to the maintenance bay for the required repairs." Carter ordered and Noble moved to the door. Six picking up a SMG and a pistol on his way.

They walked outside, finding several roadblocks set up and three drop ships unloading an assortment of Minor Elites, grunts, and Emilie's personal most hated, Jackals. He said they looked like a weasel, a highly mutated radioactive weasel.

"Noble, support Six and Emile, attack. Don't let them enter the base. I still didn't pick up my dry cleaning." Carter said, hunkering down with Jun behind a cargo crate.

"Got it Commander." Six said, running across the field accompanied closely by Emilie.

"You get the big gold one. I call the three blue ones." Emilie said, already dividing them up, a sniper shot flying over his shoulder, taking out an aiming Jackal Sniper.

Six nodded, holstering the pistol to his side as he took a grenade in his free hand. They took cover quickly behind an over turned car before waiting for a pause in the fire and vaulting over it and continuing to the enemy.

Emilie unslung his shotgun, always having one on hand and checked the clip, fully loaded. He grinned. He was upon the Elites before they could take aim, leveling the barrel in the face of a bluey. He smiled as he jammed the muzzle of the gun into its mouth and pulled the trigger. Buckshot instantly ripping through its head and leaving the Elite hollow in a different way.

By the time Emilie was back under cover of the remaining three Elites, Six had come up behind the Gold. He smiled, unlimbering the knife from its sheath and tacking its legs together before delivering the killing heel to head combination. He withdrew his knife and ducked behind cover as a storm of pink needles rushed after him, shattering along the cargo in the crate, detonating like miniature bombs on the box.

"Almost forgot about the little nuisances." Six muttered the SMG barrel peaking around the corner as he unloaded the clip, the bullets jumping around in a wild burst of lead. Six paused after he heard an 'all clear' over the comm and the grunts screams and a solid thump.

As far as Six and Emilie knew, that only left an immediate set of two Elites. They'd split even. They both came out of cover at the same time, the Elites split up, taking shots at them both. Fortunately for them both, a panicked set of shots were made, leaving them basically free to advance.

Six then flicked the pin out on the grenade as he punched the Elite in the mouth, leaving it a 'present' as he jumped back. A few yards away Emile had finished gutting the Elite with his favorite knife. Six's Elite exploded in an array of blues and grays as its flesh and blood splattered Six's back.

"Now, I'm really gonna have to get some maintenance done." He looked up at the retreating drop ships.

"Noble, reports of Covenant parties to the east and west of base. Split up and reinforce the defenses there and take them down. I expect to see you all here when I get back." Carter said, tapping the comm with the troops elsewhere off.

Six split up with Kat and Jorge as they took the east division, Emilie, June and Carter taking the west encampment. The settled up in a Falchion as the pilot took them there on cue.

~One Hour Later~

"Ah Dammit." Six muttered, brushing his hair around as he exited the showers and headed towards his quarters. "I could really use an Icy Hot patch right now," Six rubbed his shoulder where an Elite had tackled him down a hill and he hit a tree. Although the suit let him actually survive that, it didn't stop the bruise or the soreness.

He sighed, kicking the door closed as he toweled off. He sat down on the bed, lying back against the concrete wall as he looked at the armor that was standing in the shelf given to him by the group.

Then he looked at its new accommodations of plasma burns, electrical fluids, oil, and other things he'd picked up crawled, running and fighting in the godforsaken forest and swamps he had to run thorough. He groaned, but pulled on a pair of sweat pants and disassembled the leg from the main body.

He sighed, pulling out a set of tools as he dissembled the leg for proper cleaning. At that moment, Kat kicked in the door, prepared to drag Six off to the maintenance bay. She was upraised to find Six looking up at her with confused look upon his face.

"Sixâ€|you actually look pretty cute." Kat said, inspecting Six's facial features before he threw her out of the room.

At this Six blinked and shook his head, but got up and closed the door behind Kat, locking it. Then he continued to do maintenance. "It might as well be by you, at least it's not Emile, or worse, Jun. I swear, he's a decent shot, but he can't shut up to save his life!" Six said.

"So, I'm not getting assassinated in my sleep since I saw your face?" Kat clarified.

"Correct. If it was Emile or Jun, I'd already be dragging them out to the dumpsterâ€|well, probably not Emilie. I don't think he could die even if he ate a plasma grenade." Six added the last part almost as an afterthought.

"Yeah, he's pretty tough." Kat said, smiling.

Six blinked, looking at something by the door. A second later, he pulled out a pistol and fired a single round, straight through a camera wire, connected to Jun's helmet. Six heard a curse from the other side of the door, but ignored it as he continued cleaning.

Kat smiled, wondering if she should take a picture of Six's uncovered face and use it as blackmail. For either party. She bet she could get just about anything from Six or the rest of her team if she used his picture.

She shook her head, deciding that this would be her little secret. After all, in a base where 95% of the populace were guys, girls needed to have a secret here and there. And this would be hers.

Six's green eyes sparkled in the lamplight. And his face was stripped of any excess fat leaving behind a sharp and defined jawbone. The only thing ruining the face was a long jagged scar running from just above his right eye, all the way down to his chin. The scar running across his face, it traced the bridge of his nose and the edge of his

lips.

Kat suddenly had the urge to touch it. She had touched scars before; it was just that it was Six! Nobody she knew had seen Six's real face. Or even touched his skin. Her hand subconsciously reached out, Six's glaze snapping to it, before realizing what it wanted to touch. He smirked a little at that, but continued buffing out a bullet scratch on his chest piece.

"You can touch it." Six said, knowing her next question.

Kat scowled, but ran her fingers across the edge of it, Six closing his eyes individually as her hand past over or under them. She withdrew her hand, and then flexed, feeling the warmth from his skin. She smiled before looking at her chest piece.

"Ya missed a spot." She said ,pointing.

Six scowled at the comment, but went back over it as he cleaned and fixed the damage done over the last couple days. Kat started heading towards the door, casting one last look at Six's face before exiting. Before June or Emile could get in, Six had already relocked the door with a flick of his wrist as he sent a knife into the door lock and twisted it with a simple piece of string.

"Is it really that mysterious?" Six muttered, running his fingers over his own scar.

**\*\*Okay! Hope you enjoyed! Hope you like Six's character!\*\***

### 3. Bets and Sleep Deprivation

**\*\*Continuing. \*\***

**\*\*TELL ME!\*\***

"You lucky S.O.B." Jun said, glaring at Kat.

"What?" Six asked walking in with his freshly maintenance armor.

"You let Kat see your face, but not us! We're your best friends we're a team! We're an umâ€¦ Emilie, think of some other metaphor!" Jun rolled his helmet across the table. Six rolled his eyes as he joined Emile, Jun and Kat at the table.

"We're like two peas in a pod, two Ladybugs on a flower, to elites in a gay bar." Emilie supplied a trace of a grin at the last one.

"Elites aren't gay, they're it's. They're neither guys nor chicks." Jorge argued as he walked out to help Carter with an import from Control.

"But back to the point, you let HER," Jun paused to jab a finger at Kat, "see your face before me!"

"I would love to show you something special!" Six replied, smiling, "How about a knife in your gut and a bullet up your ass?"

"Ha-ha, bet you'd be happy!" Emilie chimed in.

"Ha-ha, very funny." Jun growled, his face slightly red from the insult.

"He's retreating to his corner! Quick don't let him take his happy pills!" Kat said, joining in on the fun.

"I ate those yesterday." Six said, "Guess Jun will become depressed and commit suicide."

Jun sulked out, grabbing his orangey helmet and slapping it on. Everyone else laughed as he walked out. Six's head lolled back and his arms crossed behind his head. Emile returned to sharpening his knife collection. Kat was satisfied to take off her helmet and make coffee.

"Ughâ€¦ So tired!" Six let out after a moment.

"Well how much sleep did ya get?" Emilie asked, not looking up from his knives.

"About thirty minute if not less. Because I stayed up all night doing maintenance on my armor and then I had to take it in because of a problem with the AI." Six explained.

"Then take off your helmet and snooze. Or better yet, just snooze on the floor. The armor has a heating unit in it." Kat said.

"Yep I'll definitely shed the one secret I still have on me for a few hours comfortable sleep. Although the heating unit sound like a good idea, but I don't trust you and Emilie with me asleep in a closed room. You might try to pry me out of this armor." Six rolled off his chair landing with a heavy thunk on the floor.

"â€¦What was the point of that Six?" Kat asked, shaking her head.

"To annoy you guys and because it's more comfortable," Six stretched out, knocking the metal chair to the side.

"Should we video this?" Emilie asked, looking up from his knife for the first time in several minutes.

"Nah, if we were to video or take a picture of, it would be his face," Kat said, "He his kind of cute in there."

"I find it offending that you call me cute when I'm a trained lethal killer and could kill an average solider with a teacup and my pinky." Six called out.

The comment caused a burst of laughter, even from Carter who chose that moment to tap into comms. Kat was the one laughing the hardest as she fell out of her chair, closely followed by Emilie who almost skewered himself on his own favorite knife.

"Would you like it better if I called you hot or sexy?" Kat managed in between fits of laughter.

Six paused as he played with his voice module than he smiled and said, "Very much," Only sounded as if he had sucked in enough helium to kill a man.

Kat burst out laughing again, rolling around on the floor, and eventually laughing long enough to bring a tear to her eyes. Emilie was laughing too, rolling from one end of the room to the other. He continued laughing until he rolled into a heavy locker and knocked it over on him. It didn't hurt him, just pinned him face down to the floor.

"Ah, sucks to be you!" Six ask suddenly in his normal voice.

"Six! Did you take off your helmet!" Emilie shouted, one of his slightly free hands punching into the floor, leaving a small dent in it.

A moment later a black and steel colored helmet was set in front of Emilie's head at the fringes of his vision. He cursed as he tried to crane his neck farther, but to no avail. Even reinforced muscles and bones had their limits.

"Six I hate you." Emilie said, "Wait when did you get a blue faceplate?"

"I had it put in this morning." Six replied, twisting it for Emilie's better view.

"It looks nice." Kat said.

"So, I take it neither of you are helping me up?" The close quarter combat specialist assumed.

"Oh, we'll help you up, just not this minute, or hour." Six said, his green eyes filled with mischief.

"Oh dear." Kat muttered.

Six smiled and sat down leaning back in his chair again. "Oh it feels so freakin good without this helmet on." He said, cracking his neck. It almost sounded painful to Emilie, and as if on cue Six gave a small grunt in pain.

"I do have to say, that scar is very mysterious." Kat took a drink of coffee.

\_Scar?\_

"Well, it was kind of funny that I got it from my ex-girlfriend, she threw a knife at me from only about a foot away and this was as much as I could save my face."

"Why'd she become your ex?"

"Because I found out she was sleeping with one of my old squad mates. I didn't really care, but at least make up your mind on which one you want. So I choose for her and dumped her."

"Was she in your squad?"



"If she was in my squad don't you think my commander would notice she was staying close to me or the other mate?"

"True, but I still though she might have been aware of that."

"Who knows. And I think she already had every guy in her squad wrapped around her little finger, so she moved to the next one. Mine." Six shrugged, gulping down his coffee and went to the coffee pot to refill it.

"I don't think she could wrap a whole squad around her finger." Kat said, casting a curious glare at Six.

"When you're the only girl in the squad, it's quite easy, especially during war times were you can't get out. Wear something a little seductive and bam, guys at your feet." Six explained, suddenly setting a cup of coffee next to Emilie's head.

"Thanks." He said, using his slightly free hand to sip it's warm invigorating contents.

"No problem Emilie." Six replied, sitting back down in his seat.

"So you're suggesting that I could get this whole squad wrapped around my finger? Excluding Emilie and you since you're in the room and know my plans." Kat said, a smirk appearing on her face.

"Yup, and you might be able to get me and Emilie anyways. Probably Emilie before me since I don't really care." Six said, smiling.

"Yeah right."

"I know for a fact that Carter has a thing for you." Emilie piped up, having found the conversation worth joining now.

"And I can sometimes catch Jorge looking at you and everyone knows that Jun always has his sights lined up on your chest in missions!" Six laughed.

"How do you know that?" Kat asked, a little red.

"Carter set me up with Jun sniper support in one mission. I glanced over at Jun and looked down his scope some, his sights were lined up straight on you." Six replied, "And Jorge, he's not exactly fast. He's got too much muscle to turn quickly. And so when we're walking I can catch him glancing at you occasionally." Another sip of coffee came after the information.

"And I just ended up one day in Carter's room, opened a drawer looking for a work out shirt and instead found a picture of you, well several actually. Turns out he has a video feed in his helmet hidden under the U.V. band." Emilie said.

"Now there's something to keep a secret!" Six said, smiling.

"What do I get out of this deal?" Kat asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

Six smiled, "You get the whole squad wrapped around your finger and

at your every beck and call. Unless you don't want it. Then you have to do one thing." Six smiled.

"What?"

Six looked at Emilie and found Emilie sharing the same grin he had. "You thinking what I'm think?"

"Yup." Emilie said.

"What do I have to do?"

Both of their grins widened, "You have to streak down the practice fields for the soldiers in the middle of their drills." And then they both burst out laughing.

"NO!" She screamed, slapping Six and stomped on the heavy locker resting on Emilie.

"OW!" They snapped.

"Perverts! Fine I'll do it! Wrap every one of you guys around my finger!" She snapped, wrapping her arms back around herself while blushing furiously.

"This is going to be an interesting week, don't ya think Emilie? Emilie? Hey!" Six said, glancing at the Spartan.

Emilie was passed out on the floor foaming at the mouth as Kat sat triumphantly on the locker. Six groaned and pushed her off the locker and with her help stood it back up in place. Emilie groaned and rolled over.

He slowly opened his eyes and looked at Six's face.

"Hey Sixâ€|that scar really does look mysteriousâ€|and you sort of have the face of a model." Emilie said.

Six blinked, "Curse me for my consideration of niceness." He said and lowered the locker back down on Emilie before grabbing his helmet and running out.

\*\*So people what do you think of the bet? You like? Or am I just being an idiot and letting Six write all this? "Actually he is. But he wouldn't let me become a model for men's t-shirt. Because all girls would pass out from my sexiness." Six. Go in the corner. "Fine T^T" Anyway, might become a KatXSix, or possibly him getting thrown through a wall. \*\*

4. Jun

\*\*I expect everyone to find this OOC and funny. Also Six will be doing random things in the background to annoy me. "Indeed! Let us dissect his brain and eat the gushy gray matter!" See. He's annoying when he's not doing something.\*\*

\*\*Jun\*\*

"You think she'll really do it?" Emilie asked on a private channel

between him and Six.

"She better, or I'll make her do the other option." Six growled, glaring daggers at the female Spartan.

"I still think we should have made her play dodge ball with twenty pound medicine balls without armor." Emilie pouted.

"We wanna motivate her, not scare her to death." Six said, chuckling to himself.

"True. You knew she would accept seducing all of us, didn't you?"

Six just grinned and watched her.

"Dang it's hot in this armor." She complained loudly.

"Use the cooling unit." Carter said.

"But I traded it for the heating unit! My armors smaller than yours!" She whined, squirming in the armor.

"Take off your helmet." Carter stated, "We're in the training room you know."

"You said treat it as real combat." Kat replied, silently wishing for the helmet to fog up. Although she knew it wouldn't.

"Take it off anyway."

Jun looked at Kat to find her slowly taking off the helmet and revealing a sweaty face. She had turned up the heating unit to an almost unbearable 90 degrees. Carter took one glance at her and told Jun to take her back to her room, he didn't want anyone overheating in practice.

"Yes sir." Jun nodded and started leading her out of the room.

Once they were in the hallway Kat started her plan. She simply started panting a bit more and pulling at her armors collar. She felt more than noticed Jun's glaze shift from where he was walking to her neck. And she could feel the heavy stare at her collar. She smiled mentally, she had planned on getting him into the room, but this might work to her advantage.

She slipped, stumbling and grabbing the armor plate on Jun's chest, pulling him toppling over onto her. She smiled when he gave a slightly girlish yelp of surprise as he landed on her with a dull thud. She was amazed at how the trip up had actually worked in her favor. She did her best to blush and look away. Jun started to get up a fiery red blush on his face when he had to remove his hand from her upper arm.

She pulled him back down and glared into his eyes. Then he kissed her. Kat wished for Six to randomly jump out with a recorder or something, ANYTHING to break the kiss. She noted that June's lips tasted slightly of grapefruit and orange. Something that in her opinion didn't mix very well.

When he FINALLY pulled away, out of breath as she faked she was (she had been breathing through her nose the whole time) and smiled at him. It was a smile that said, \_You're now officially mine. Now wipe the blush off your face before I kick you. \_She handed Jun his dropped helmet which he awkwardly took as she walked the rest of the way to her room.

She kept the slightly breathless, confused and clumsy appearance of a poor girl that had her 'first kiss' stolen, until she rounded the corner, and the one after it. Then she made sure Jun wasn't following her before she regained her composure and opened her room's door.

"God I hate that taste!" She said, spitting into the sink and grabbing her toothbrush.

"What taste?" A voice asked, startling Kat.

She jumped and turned around, toothpaste still somewhat drooling out of her mouth. She jumped as she saw who had spoken; it was Six, without his helmet. He had a smug grin on his face that said he had clearly won.

"Oh God, get out you perverted sick bastard." She said, turning back to finish rinsing out her mouth.

"Seriously? That's quite mean considering I was going to give you a Tic-Tac for future occurrences like this." Six said, rattling the case of red breath mint/candies.

Kat glared at the container, reading the small fine print from across the room. He had gotten strawberry. She despised strawberries, except when they were really rich and juicy. But being on this planet, strawberries were either freeze-dried, or had to be specially imported and they weren't exactly fresh.

Kat crossed the room, snatching the case from his hand easily, finding no resistance in it and snapped open the pack. She shook three into her mouth and did her best to drown out the flavor of grapefruit on her lips. She growled in frustration when she couldn't.

"Something wrong?" Six asked that smug grin still on his mysteriously scared face.

The scar was too deep to have been dodged, even from how close he said his ex-girlfriend had been. And even then, it should have been able to heal back better, yet the skin was still pinkish and the edges darker than the rest of his amazingly tanned skin. She realized that was ridiculous, none of the Spartans had tans, because none of the Spartans felt right without the armor on. They barely tolerated the time for maintenance and showering. His skin color must naturally be a caramel color.

"I hate you." Kat said, glaring daggers at him.

"Hey, hey, hey! " Six protested, "I never said you had to kiss the idiot! I just said wrap him around your little finger! And did you really think I would make you do that? Come on! That's just asking to get a bullet in the back of the head! I'd do something like â€¦make

you climb the flagpole to get your helmet or something. Nothing that bad." Six said, laughing.

"SIX!" Kat yelled, pulling the pistol from her holster and firing a single bullet at his head. Six's head snapped back before the bullet was near him, and almost before Kat had squeezed the trigger. A spurt of blood came up and he gave a cry of pain, his hand shooting up to his face.

"AH!" He shouted, his hand wrapping around his face.

"Oh my God! Six, I'm sorry! I didn't think I'd hit you!" Kat said, already crouched next to him and trying to peel back his fingers.

Six grunted, sorting out the pain and his thought process enough to speak, "it's fineâ€¦you just opened up an old wound." He said, removing his hand.

The bullet had traveled through the scar mark on Six's face, peeling back the scar tissue and leaving it a pulsing, bleeding mess. The only difference was that the scar now extended to the tip of his chin and a little past his right eye. Six cursed, fumbling for anything to hinder the bleeding. IN the end he gave up and just let the blood stream down his face.

"That was stupid." He growled at Kat.

"I'm sorry, I could have killed you." Kat said.

"It's fine, I've already dodged a bullet once in my life. This one just took me by a bit of a surprise." Six growled.

Kat's eyes widened as she put the pieces together. "You didn't get that scar from a knife! Your ex-girlfriend shot you! But closer than I was! That's why it's so deep! It couldn't be a knife!" Kat voiced her thoughts.

A smile trickled through to Six's face despite the throbbing pain of getting old scars torn open. "Bingo."

Kat smiled, hugging him. Six stiffened but after a minute wrapped his arm around her awkwardly. Then a horrible, hilarious, ingenious plan hit her. She smiled, and quietly smelled Six's sandy hair, kiwi. Ironically she liked kiwis. They were a funny little bird and a delicious fruit!

"Six?" she asked.

"Hm?"

"What if you called off this whole bet? On one conditionâ€¦" Kat said, smiling.

"This better be good, I almost got shot because of this and I **\*\*really\*\*** want to see just how far I can push you." Six growled, a dark menacing tone in his voice.

"Okay, in exchange for dropping this betâ€¦I'll go on dates with both you and Emilie AND nurse your sorry butt back to health." Kat said,

almost grumbling the last part.

Six grinned. He got to torture the crap out of her for as long as this scar remained open and he could still taunt her on a date? And she had to deal with Emile's table manners? Ha! This was becoming one sweet week! Except for the part about getting his face revealed to two of his squad mates and getting shot.

"Kat, you got yourself a deal and I promise I will annoy the living shit out of you by the time this scar heals." Six said, grabbing his helmet off the table.

Blood had already streamed down to his chest plate, but he didn't seem to notice it, nor stiffen when he put the helmet on and it brushed his new wound. Instead he walked boldly out of her room to go explain to Emile what had just transpire and to ask him if he had any gauze. It was starting to drip down his torso and he really didn't want to explain why the inside of his pants were red to his team or his armor tech.

\*\*\*BANANA POWERS ACTIVATE!" SIX GET BACK HERE! "NO! you steal my fluffy!" \*having trouble controlling characters\* \*technical difficulties\* \*getting shot at\* Okay and done I think \*passes out\*\*\*

\*\*\*Bye people!" Six and don't shoot the pigs they wanna fly and catapult and tacos and random mumbling\* "Hehe I made him delirious!"\*\*

## 5. Dates and Confessions

\*\*Please note this probably will not turn into a KatXSix fanfiction. This is just Six's bet to annoy the living crap out of Kat because he almost got shot by her. That and it's payback for knowing his secret. Of his hideous face! LOL! XD\*\*

\*\*Six: If you don't start this soon I will shoot you.\*\*

\*\*Please kill me!\*\*

" Hey can you give me a foot massage? Or better yet, a glass of sweet tea?" Six asked, grinning as he laid flat on his bed propped up comfortably with a line of bandages and small stripes of gauze lining his face and blocking most of his vision out of his right eye.

The doctor said that there was no permit damage if the bullet just skimmed his face, but he did say that it'd be better if he saw the wound himself. Six, of course, refused to even consider unlatching his helmet. He was already blind from having blood pooling in his right eye for so freaking long. He growled from under the blanket as Carter, Jun, and Emilie crowded around him uncomfortably close. He feared that he'd have to hide some bodies if one of them ripped the blanket from his grasp.

When Six had first told him the long story about how this all happened Carter had laughed and dismissed it as Six pulling his leg. Then Six dragged Kat in, who told him the same thing, then Emile who said they did indeed have a bet and it did involve seducing every single member on the team. Then Six explained the consequences and

everyone nodded and understood why Kat did what she did.

"I'm still mad at all of you." Jun said finally, "Especially you Kat."

"Eh fine with me orange breath." Kat said, grinning.

June flushed seven different shades of red as everyone laughed. Six just chuckled, as straight out laughing pulled at the stitches he made Emilie do.

"Okay, okay, so you blackmailed Kat into trying to seduce all of us, and 'wrap us around her little finger' or she'd have to streak down the practice field during the drills? I didn't know you had that much idioticness in you Six. I would have thought she would have slapped you silly." Carter said, still laughing a bit.

"She did."

"She stomped on me." Emilie whined, earning a slap from Kat.

"Ow."

"Nice." Jorge said, grinning as he high fived Six.

"Totally worth getting shot for." Six muttered.

"I still think it's hilarious that you got shot for this." Emilie laughed.

"I don't it hurt likeâ€¦|getting tackled by a Brute." Six complained .

"And yet you won't let the doctor see your face. Nor will you even consider letting us see it as you have gauze covering half of your face and a cloth covering the rest and your wearing street clothes covered by a blanket because you're not letting anyone see yourself. What are you? Un comfortable with your body?" Carter snorted in amusement.

"Four reasons, One, the doctor said to keep a wet cloth to keep the blood out of my eyes and soak up the rest. Two, This blanket is really thin and it's cold in this room. Three, the gauze is a given necessity, and lastly, ask Kat if I'm uncomfortable with my body." Six smiled underneath the cloth.

Four heads turned towards the female Spartan who was currently flicking Six off with both fingers, "Yes I saw Six's body! And for the record he really isn't that bad looking. He has a very envious tan." Kat remarked.

Emilie looked at her, "She's so dreaming about him."

Kat blushed seven different shades of red before she managed to whip a stool into Emilie's armored head. He grunted.

"So, Emilie, do you think you can find my somewhat churchy clothes?" Six asked.

"Why?"

"Remember the deal, and you're going first, these stitches hurt like hell." Six said.

"Oh right! I am so bringing my Puma knife!" Emilie said pulling out a single piece of metal with a black grip and a straight blade.

"Umâ€|Are you sure that he has table manners?" Kat asked, pointing to the knife wielding maniac.

"No." Everyone answered instantly.

"Oh god help me." Kat said.

"Don't wear your nice outfit." Six advised.

~Later that evening~

\_Please don't let him show up in a tuxedo, please no tuxedo , please no tuxedo!\_ Kat prayed.

"Hey he didn't show up in a tux." Six said from the mini com in her ear.

"What's he wearing?" She asked.

"A collared shirt, a tie, and black slacks with a pair of dress shoes he stole from a cripple." Six replied.

"You're not a cripple, you're just blind in one eye because blood has soaked into your eye. And now you're having to hang upside-down and let it drain out. Ewâ€|that does sound cripple-ish ." Kat muttered picturing Six hanging upside-down with blood dripping out of an eye.

"Actually Carter brought me an I-pod and a PSP, so I'm good until I run out of songs or beat this game. Probably run out of songs first." Six said.

Kat rolled her eyes, "So what are you wearing?" Six asked.

"Purple top, skinny jeans, three inch high heels." She stated.

"Hmâ€| I said not to wear you best outfit." Six said.

"That would be the dress in my closet."

"â€|And now I'm off to raid your room." Six muttered, Kat heard the comm drop to the floor.

"DON'T YOU DARE!" She shouted into the comm, startling a few other people at the restaurant she was to meet Emilie at.

Six picked up the com again, " Don't worry, I'm still upside-down, I'm walking on my hands."

She growled, the sound audible even through the comm, "That's NOT what I meant!" Kat snapped in a quieter voice, but the tone filled with as much rage as the previous volume.



"That's not what I heard." Six replied, although there was a slight jerkiness as he said this, revealing that he was in fact walking on his hands to her room.

"Six, if you take a look at that dress I will NOT be wearing it to our date!" Kat warned him.

There was slight pause before she heard some breathing on the other end and a sigh, "Fineâ€|you're really mean to me, ya know that Kat?"

"She is indeed." Emilie said, causing Kat to jump slightly.

"Emilie! Don't scare me like that!" She hissed, glaring at the man who randomly appeared next to her.

Emilie briefly apologized, and Six heard no more as the comm Kat had in her ear slipped out nad fell onto the ground. Six gave a groan of loss and he no longer was keyed in on her date. He frowned as he walked back to his room (on his hands) and hooked his legs on the bar Jorge had rigged up for him. He gave a small grunt of effort as he adjusted his legs and pulled out the game system from his cargo pants pocket.

He wirelessly hooked the comm to the music station he had and let it play the songs in a random shuffle. He growled furiously as he tried to kill a monster in the game, but the sword he was given wasn't strong enough.

He groaned over an hour later and set the game down. Over nine main mission, fifteen sidequests, over twenty new weapons, thirty different sets of armor, and way to many monsters to count, and a migraine later, he had finally exhausted his songs list, and the interest in this game.

He groaned as he switched the comm from his music station to the private chat he had set up with Kat. He frowned at the static he got. Then he realized that the comm was probably stepped on by some idiot.

"KATTTTT!" He shouted into the comm even though he knew it wouldn't work.

He sighed as he hung on the metal bar, "This is starting to give me a really bad headache." He muttered. Even after he said that he still hung there motionless, waiting patiently for someone, even Jun to open the door and talk to him, he was so unbelievably BORED!

"Ughâ€|Why can't she come back already? I'm sure she's fed up with Emile by now!" He complained loudly.

"I am." The voice replied simply.

"Hm?" Six cocked his head up from looking at the floor to looking at the door.

"I'm back." She said, smiling as she leaned against the door.

Six smiled, "Glad to see you, it was really boring here."

"Glad to see you too, Emilie cut three plates in half with his Puma knife and scared the waiter half to death." She said.

"So are you looking forward to your date with me?" He asked, a sly smile creeping up on his face.

"As long as you're better than Emile." She replied, smiled and casting a wave as she walked out of his room, closing the door behind her.

It was over a week before Six was cleared and they had confirmed that all the blood in his eye had drained out, although he did comment that he was getting used to the bandages. Even though he still had to wear a specialized gauze strip that completely covered his eye and was then covered by an eye patch, he still looked forward to his date with Kat.

It also didn't take long for him to find the civis clothes that he had the last time he Emile, and Carter had gone out. He unfolded the clean white button-up shirt and black cargo pants. He briefly thought about Kat in the dress. He frowned.

He couldn't decide if it would be a deep purple or a forest green. He had already decided it would hug her chest, hips and it would be strapless. He groaned as he tried to decide on the color. He bet it'd flare out some€|maybe around the heels if it was a long dress€|

He sighed as he dressed in his spare civis. The jeans and black T-shirt still fit, every though they hadn't been wore in probably two years. he frowned a bit when he realized that the jeans were a bit tight. He sighed as he pulled on the eye patch and the mini-gas mask he wore when he didn't have the helmet. He didn't like not having something cover his face, he was truth be told, nervous around Kat with it off. For those times, he had this.

The mask covered part of his nose all the way down to his chin. The gauze covered the scar line, even though everyone knew about it. He then pulled out the white bandana he occasionally wore. He tied it tight, keeping all but a few strands of hair out of his face.

There was a knock on his door before Emilie opened the door. He glared at Six before raising an eyebrow. Six gestured at the handgun on his full press. Emilie nodded before walking out.

"At least they knock." Six muttered as he tied the knot in the bandana.

He walked out, picking up the pistol as he did and went to the shooting range. It was common knowledge that none of the Spartans needed to much training or practice, but it was stress relieving and helped to take their minds off something.

He grabbed nine clips from the clerk and set them up in front of him on the desk. Three other marines and one Spartan shooting. Two of the marines where from Bravo team, the other was from Tango.

He pulled the pistol out, clicked the safety off. Then habit took over as his mind worked. The movements had been finely honed through

thousands of rounds and hours spent at the shooting range. The pistol was level as he squeezed the trigger. The clip was emptied before he had completely cleared his mind.

The reloading was mechanical, the firing subconscious as he continued in his thought process. Before he realized it, he had run out of clips. He groaned as he deposited the empty clips with the clerk. The man nodded, although didn't comment that Six hadn't turned in his target.

Six walked to his room, his thought still distracted as he sat down on his bed, which emitted a small squeak. Six snapped to attention, standing up and turning around to see just what the heck he sat on.

He was lightly surprised to find Kat sitting on his bed with an annoyed expression on her face as she glared at him. Six smiled as he sat down on the edge of the bed. Kat smiled.

"So, the date still on?" Kat asked.

Six shrugged, "depends, how much do you want it?"

Kat glared at him and gave him a slap on the arm, "Not funny."

Six laughed, "So why are you in my room anyway?"

Kat shrugged as she sat up and scooted next to Six. "I wanted to see you, because I wanted to know where you're taking me."

"Depends, what would you wear your best dress to?" He asked.

Kat considered it for a moment before answering, "Dancing, and I won't tell you what dress I'm wearing." She said, smiling.

Six threw his hands up, "And where am I supposed to find a dance on a military base?"

Kat shrugged, "You're smart. Figure it out." Then she got up and started walking towards the door.

"Kat that's not funny! Seriously! Can I at least get a taste of what I'll get at the dance? Seriously I bet I'll have to flip through hoops that are on fire to get this set up!" Six complained as he stood up.

Kat smiled and grabbed his arm. He frowned as he had been referring to the dress. He was caught by surprise when he felt her lips against his for a split second. Kat walked out before he had figured out what just happened.

As the door closed behind her Six growled, "KAT THAT'S NOT FUNNY!" Then he grabbed the assault rifle in his gun case along with the sniper rifle. The clerk is gonna have a ball restocking all this.

\*\*Yep, so next chapter is here, be happy people! \(\0.0)/ Yep, so tell me what ya think, OOCness you saw and that stuff. \*\*

## 6. Brawls

**\*\*This is actually a short requested/suggested by MovieWizKid so thanks form suggesting it! I just never got around to it until now! Thanks!\*\***

**\*\*Short 1(might be more I don't know)\*\***

**\*\*Brawls are fun!\*\***

Six cracked his neck as he slowly sipped tea; Kat was sitting across from him and Emile was yet again sharpening a knife. Six grunted as his neck gave a loud crack and he then tilted it to the other side until it cracked again.

"Six you sound like you're breaking your own neck" Emile commented as he examined the sharpness of his knife. Six wasn't quite sure what model this one was.

"Well if you don't like it," Six grunted as it cracked again, "tell the commanding officer to get us better bunks." Six ended up snarling the last word as his neck gave a ferocious and slightly sickened pop as the tension in it was finally relieved, leaving Six happily leaning back in the chair. "That felt sooo good!" He moaned.

Kat grunted, absentmindedly reading a report about the base having spare ammunition and for some reason, a half-dozen spare rifles. She sighed and set it down, sliding it across the table for Six it read later.

The intercom blared on, giving six to thought that they need to smooth the transmission over a lot and possibly rework the system as it did. "Noble Team assemble in the training room, live action you'll be sparring against an equal. Sort of." The intercom instructed.

"There goes my tea time." Six muttered, throwing the plastic cup across the room into the garbage car and grabbing his helmet off the table.

"Shut up and let's go Sandy." Emilie said, sliding his knife into a hip sheath.

"My name ain't Sandy!" Six snapped as the three ran out the door, locking their helmets and jogging to the training bay.

"Nice to see you could make it, but you guys are sitting out, it'll be a three man squad in two sets." Carter said when they arrived.

"Who's the enemy?" Six asked.

"Good question Spartan." A voice said behind Six.

Six turned and saluted the man in uniform behind him as did the others. The man nodded, "Today," He said, "You'll be fighting a very special person. You will probably better know him as the Master Chief or John-117."

Six nodded. He knew the man, he had learned about the natural born

leader when he went through the Spartan program. John was a whiz at tactics, and he had a mind for battle strategy's and for problem solving in the field. He had heard of battle he was in. Every Spartan respected every other Spartan, but John was more than a Spartan. He was the Master Chief.

Almost on cue, the said person walked in, his green armor dented in some places as he saluted them. Six nodded to the man, he smiled inside his helmet.

"Nice to meet you Noble Team." He said.

"Nice to meet you as well Master Chief." Six said, holding out his hand.

The Chief looked at the hand from a split-second before he accepted it, squeezing Six's hand with a familiar strength only found in Spartans. A strength only found in those that went through the training, the procedures and wore the blood stained armor they did. And it was blood stained for multiple reasons.

Finding that they had had enough time to greet each other the officer nodded slightly and then addressed them, "as I'm sure you know, there is a slight surplus in ammunition and weaponry as of the moment, this was planned for a test on both Noble and the Chief's abilities. You'll be using Bay Alpha for set one and then Bay Echo for the second.

The Spartans nodded and with precise movements, they turned and jogged towards the bay. It took less than three minutes. Six's AI said it was 2 minutes and 27 seconds which he noted, was slower than his last run here.

"Set One please enter Bay Alpha and ready yourselves at assigned positions. You will be given a selection of weapons on the course and have a default set as you enter." The intercom blasted, Six winched again, he was going to kill a technician later.

The Chief acknowledged the order and walked into the bay side armory. He selected a Battle Rifle and a simple pistol. Six frowned at the simplicity of his choices. Carter choose a Battle Rifle as well, but also picked up one of the Assault Rifles on hand. June hand his sniper and Jorge well Jorge just ripped a turret off the wall and picked up a grenade launcher.

Six smiled as he walked to the view window. His mind carefully working out which side would win and which side would lose. After remembering he had nothing to base the Chief's abilities on he gave up shortly after.

Six sat down on the metal bench that was in front of the window. He stared out into the bay, observing the cover spots and weapon drops that had been placed. He then looked at where the teams were to 'spawn'. The bay was all flat, there were no holes to bunker down in, however, small barricades were set up. They were spaced fifteen feet from the last one, but the longest gap was thirty feet and that was in the middle of the bay. Six smiled, it'd be a good match. The rules were set for the person to 'die' were they're shield hit zero and needed to recharge. Also the bay had been specially equipped with anti-charge generators, not allowing for the armor to rework its

own generator and providing energy for the shield to recharge.

"So, winning would be?" Emilie asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

Six and Kat shot him a glance that said, 'do we need to answer that?'

Emilie shrugged, "I guess not." Once again as he did in the break room he pulled out a knife and a sharpening stone (Six had no idea why he used a stone instead of an actual sharpener) and began sharpening an already razor sharp knife.

Six licked his lips inside his helmet. He frowned as he felt fuzz. He frowned, "Hey Emilie throw me a knife."

Emilie grunted and slung his Puma knife out of the sheath and into Six's hand. Six took off his helmet and started shaving with the knife. Emilie looked up and glared at Six.

"What did I tell you about shaving with my Puma knife?" Emilie asked.

"â€¦Don't?"

Emilie nodded and threw a plain straight knife at Six who ducked and let it stab into the bulletproof glass. Six grunted and tossed the Puma knife behind him which Emilie immediately snatched out of the air and swiped it through the air then across the stone, removing the hair and sharpening the slightly duller edge.

Six pulled the knife out and glanced at Emilie, who nodded. Six resumed shaving. Kat stared at the two. "What the hell was that?" She asked.

Six looked at her, "A common exchange between me and Emilie in the mornings when I don't feel like buying a razor."

"And why don't you buy a razor?"

"Because Emilie's knives are always better." Six answered as he rubbed his chin and upper lip again. Satisfied now that he felt nothing, he threw the knife behind him into the corner that Emilie sat in. Emilie grunted as his hand snapped up and caught the knife by the blade and snapped it back into it's underarm sheath.

"How many sheaths does he have?" Kat asked.

"No one ever counted and Emilie doesn't keep track." Six answered as the horn blared for the match to start.

Jun pivoted and ran up to the right of the starting point and rolled behind cover. Carter vaulted over the barricade and barrel rolled into the barricade rocking it back on its base as it withstood Carter's force and weight, barely. Jorge charged forward, ripping of a turret as he went and crashed into a barricade, making it crack and would have tipped over if his hand hadn't shot out and caught it.

Within the amount of time Carter had taken four shots with a pistol,

June had taken two with the DMR and Jorge had taken five with the pistol. Also within the amount of time Six had become pressed against the glass in amazement as the Chief had dual-wielded both the pistol and the DMR. In a split second decision, he had chosen quantity over accuracy of his shots and had only missed five shots, one at Carter, two at June and two at Jorge.

After many times accidentally getting shot by a marine who had a slightly nervous finger, he knew that Carter had half-shield as June, and Jorge had about a third of his shield left. Six smirked. This would be a tough battle, for both sets. Although the Chief would have a slight advantage having adrenaline running through his veins as he, Kat and Emilie would have nothing.

He mused, his thoughts turning to the match he would have rather than the one before him. Emilie would have a shotgun and a pistol. Kat would choose probably a DMR and he frowned he needed something other than what he would have. He snapped his fingers as it came to him. He would need a DMR and a sniper rifle scope lens as well as he mused his last choice. If he would not be allowed a sniper rifle lens, than he'd just take the whole thing. Unless Kat didn't care of her last choice, than he could have her get a second DMR and pop out the lens nad he would have the grenade launcher

"Kat what's your second choice?" Six asked.

She shrugged, " the launcher."

Six nodded, than he would have the extra DMR.

"Set." He said. Then he laid out what he had thought. Emilie smiled nad nodded while Kat just grinned. It was perfect. The map would be sectioned. Within five feet of the barricades would be one sect. And it would be numbered starting on the Chief side, on the left side.

Emilie and Kat's mind worked as they adjusted their weapon load outs to fit Six's plan. Kat would have what Six predicted and the only change for Emilie was to have a launcher as well instead of a pistol.

Meanwhile, inside the ring, Carter's mind was whirling. He needed a plan, a working plan, but, he duck as a bullet chipped the barricade. There was a massive difference in class. He paused to pop off a blind shot.

The Chief was classified as a Spartan 2, which he recalled from the file, was stronger, faster and also called, 'the cream of the crop in humanity'. The first working Spartan project had been made by the best of humanity at that time. Spartan 3s were less thereof and patch worked together. Technically speaking, Spartan 2s were all hyper lethal while Spartan 3s were deadly. Also, Carter recalled as he sprinted, rolled and slammed into cover ahead, Six was also classified as hyper lethal, even though he was a Spartan 3.

"Out!" Jun said, standing up and jogging out the arena.

A second later Jorge was as well, now that Carter though about it, Jorge was a Spartan 2 as well, granted he was weighted down with a turret but still. Carter groaned as he realized he was the last one

standing, and the Chief, if he counted correctly still had one shot in the pistol and a fourth of a clip in the DMR.

Carter sighed and decided to rush it. He vaulted the barricade, the Assault Rifle barrel barking and spitting out rounds as he slid the DMR scope and jacked it into his onboard AI screen. Before he had a clean shot his shield dropped twice and a flash of green ducked behind cover.

Then it peeked out again and the pistol was brought up, the gun barely shifting as he fired three times in a row, knocking out carter's shield. Carter sighed and walked out, depositing his weapons by the door.

However, he did note with a small hint of pride that the Chief's shield had dropped to a critical level. Six, Emilie and Kat were waiting for him in the bay side along with Jorge and Jun.

He patted Six on the shoulder, "Good luck Six."

"Thank you sir." Six replied tersely as he pivoted and with Spartan precision, jogged out the door, avoided an intern and jogged to Echo.

Five minutes later ( had to give the engineers time to arrive and tamper with the anti-shield generators.) Six, Kat , Emilie and John-117 were sitting in the weapons loading bay with slightly itchy fingers.

Six had already selected his weapons, instead getting the sniper rifle and a DMR as to not look suspicious. Kat and Emilie followed there sets and John picked out what he had last time. The Hyperlethal's rolled their shoulders as they looked at each other. They had both read each other's files, Purple Hearts, Medals of Honor or Valor. Confirmed kills and approximate unconfirmed. Assassinations (Six enjoyed those).

"Teams report to assigned stations." The intercom said. Six organized his team, the Chief stood proud on his corner.

There was a minute pause, the AI making sure that there were no advantages to either side, no hidden ammunition or weapons anywhere. In that minute Six had disassembled the sniper scope from the rifle and had started breaking it down into parts when the intercom let out a ear splitting gong.

He saw behind cover with Kat before the screws he dropped hit the ground. He heard Emilie cursed and three shots fired. Emilie, based on what he heard, got two and got to cover before the third hit. He handed Kat the sniper scope and muttered reflection in her ear. She nodded and took one moment to adjust the DMR so the barrel was peeking out behind cover and then another to adjust the sniper scope into position with its reflection. Then she was firing with the accuracy of a Hell jumper, which they took as a personal insult since they were better trained than them.

Six heard a grunt, not belonging to Emilie and assumed that the Chief had taken a hit. He broke cover, the DMR scope aligned to his helmet HUD as he sighted the last position. Kat barked a location and he shifted the sight to the barricade two to the left and let off a



rapid fire shot, one on each side and four over the middle. He noted that Emilie had managed to move up to almost the other side, leaving only two rows of barricade between him and the Chief and three between him and Six.

He hit the barrier and he instantly ordered his AI to display his teams shield levels. The visual snapped up under his own shield bar. Emilie had half he was still full and Kat had taken on hit with a pistol. He nodded slowly. He heard five shots behind him, Chief's and Kat's dropped to half and Emilie's dropped a slice. He rolled his eyes.

"PRESENT ARMS!" Six barked as loud as he could through the armor enhanced audio.

The Spartans, not including himself preformed the presentation with flawless movements, he knew it was a pretty cheap trick, especially since he almost did it too and he called it. It really wasn't far to do it to any soldier in a training exercise, but it did buy him enough time to clear two rows of barricades before everyone snapped back to the actual exercise. He laughed.

"THAT WAS A DIRTY TRICK!" Both his teammates shouted at him through the comm. Another voice said, "Not, nice." He noted it but ignored it as he dashed over the last set of barricades as saw the dull green armor and amber colored visor. Just before the stock of a DMR slammed into his facemask and sent him back into the last barricade and sent it skidding back a good two feet. Six watched with mild interest and a fair amount of pain as his shield flashed yellow, then red before dropping out into nothing ness.

"Paaaaaiiiiiinnnnnnnnn, was it really necessary to get me in the head?" Six asked through the comm channel.

"Yes, yes it was. That was pay back for the present arms."

Six gave it a bit of thought, "fair enough." He grumbled and stared to get out of the semi-destroyed barricade, only to find that the rebar inside had bend around his ass, giving him a perfect seat. He sighed and shifted to sit a bit more comfortably and rest his elbow on his knee.

"Hey, guys, times for a sec." They paused in firing. "Can someone help my ass up?"

"No." They said and resumed the fight.

Six scowled and waited as he was continually used as cover, and shot around. Kat once popped him in the back with a bullet. He scowled at her. After another two minutes, Emilie joined Six in a barricade, across the room. And Kat walked out with her shield completely out.

"Hey, nice match sir." Six said, holding out a hand towards the Master.

"Anytime, I enjoyed it, very nice idea with the scope reflection." He grasped Six's forearm and yanked him out of the barricade in one shot.

"Thanks, now, see ya I gotta go yank Emilie out of the barricade." Six said and waved as the Master walked out the door, his green armored hand raised as he walked out. Six smiled.

"Once upon a time, there was a Spartan, and that Spartan, he did everything he could for his teammates and he did everything for his nation." Six muttered. It was a motto that his coach had taught him, and that was what he lived by. And now that he thought about it. He was pretty sure that his coach, trained the first generation Spartans.

He smiled.

\*\*Sorry it took so long I got preoccupied and actually. I'm supposed to be studying for a Chemistry test but oh well. Enjoy the story, I'll try to update soon, but I just might forget or update the other one I'm working on. Gonna continue with KatXSix and I'll try to get the dance in sometime either next chapter or the one after that. \*\*

## 7. Unmotivated

\*\*Tried to update quickly. I really did, so I'm hoping that this wasn't too late or anything. Enjoy ;) Six is such a flirt. \*\*

He stared at the ceiling. He really should get dressed. He had a training exercise in thirty minutes and even if he could get into armor and make it to the practice field in roughly seven minutes, he really did have to get dressed. He groaned, he felt so unmotivated today. And there was a good reason too. He was not looking forward to the extra classes he had to teach for Command since he set up that damnable dance for Kat. He also currently hated Lima company for having such horrible shots.

Kat was currently his main priority. He needed desperately to figure out if this was just gonna be a flirt thing, a fling, or what. It annoyed him to no end to watch her saunter down the hallway in her armor, the metal somehow defining every curve, bulge and asset of that dam woman. Six glared at the light bulb in the fan.

She was such a pain, really, she would pout when he said something, and other times, she would laugh and a light pink dusting would appear on her cheeks. He groaned. Damn Dr. Hasley. Damn her for not being able to completely suppress human sexuality emotions. And damn her for making the Spartan project so low.

He used to have a friend in training. His name was Michael, he had brown hair and blue eyes and he had a crush on one of the girls in formation. He believed her number was 463 or maybe 460 he couldn't remember. She had blonde hair, pretty girl, but she never had enough flare for him. Sure, his mind was filled with combat strategies 90% of the time, but he was still a male. He groaned again, his thoughts snapping back to reality.

He got up and stared at his armor. The metal returned his gaze as he met the faceplate. He sighed as his thoughts turned to the war effort. It was a long battle. One that he honestly didn't see the end to. He was taught that every enemy had a weakness and every man their faults. But that was for both sides. Thousands, that how many he had killed, Covenant, rebels before it started. But the majority was

Covenant.

There was a line, he supposed, that he would never cross. He had heard of men, good men, that went through tragedies, squad mates dead by alien hands, wives or lovers dead in combat. And they were good men, he had met a few, they had good morals, they followed orders, they loved their country, they loved their people. But then, once it happened—he often found that they'd try to change themselves. As if changing themselves would undo the past and maybe change something. Bring back a squad mate, or a lover, or a wife.

He stared into space, the clock rung, he was late.

"For every man, there is a weakness, for every enemy, there is an opening, and for every document there is a loophole." He muttered the words under his breath.

But he couldn't find the opening. He couldn't find the weak point. He felt as if he was punching a brick wall that would continuously rebuild itself. As if God himself was trying to make an enemy that he couldn't defeat. He knew he couldn't win. It showed in every statistic. No matter the numbers he killed, no matter the ammunition count, he couldn't seem to get back those lives that were lost.

He felt hot water on his eyes and at first thought that the ceiling was cracked. Then he realized her was crying. He sucked in a breath. He never felt so hopeless in his life. He couldn't win, he couldn't find an opening. He couldn't save anyone. He could do anything.

A faint wind fell on his shoulder, he instantly grasped it but found thin air where it should be. He stood and wiped away his tears. He punched himself for his stupidity. His jaw cracked. He stiffened the tensing response and instead laughed. He felt the tears burn at the back of his eyes. He couldn't give up, not with his burden. He was a selfish bastard, to even think of giving up and leaving all the hopes and dreams he had carried this far on the ground. Grey—Juliet—Mason—Eric—Connor—He clenched his fist and slammed it into his wall.

The memories were on him before he could push them back.

It was Grey's death. Six rushed forward, his black and blue armor hit the ground by his friend. His hand grasped the gold arm that belonged to the best Spartan he knew. Grey's faceplate was cracked, a plasma bolt piercing the shield and burning out the thick plate. He yelled that it would be okay, they could patch him up at Command. He could be whole again. He could still be part of the team. Grey shook his head. Then he died. Six cried. He cried again. He remembered Grey's final words, 'When all is lost and you have no faith, always remember that your friends, you comrades and even me, Where still pushing you forward. Always have hope, even in the face of death itself. And when it smiles at you. Face it and smile right-' "Back." Six finished for him.

There was a knock on the door. Kat came in. Of course Carter would send her, then again, only Kat had seen him, and she was about to see a whole new side to him. He grunted his thanks as she shut the door behind her.

"Thanks Kat—I was coming— just got caught up in a memory—"Six

muttered.

"What was it about?" Kat asked, she sat down on the bed and patted the space next to her. Six took it after a moment and laid back in his bed. Kat observed the Spartan, loose jeans were the only thing he had on. She noted the contraction and movement of his abs, the large breaths he was taking. He was remembering something painful. She knew that well enough from her own experiences, and so did every Spartan.

"My old team." Six answered as he stared at the bed frame. "Grey, Juliet, Mason, Eric, Connorâ€¦" Six's voice cracked at each name.

"It's fine if you don't want to." Kat started.

"No, it's fine, I was thinking about my team leaderâ€¦ Grey, he died in my arms, plasma bolt in the eye, another burnt through his back. He told meâ€¦ .. When all faith is lost, always that your friends and comrades are still pushing you forward. And always have hope even when you're in death's embrace."

"Wise advice, he sounded like a good man." Kat nodded.

"He wasâ€¦ I miss him a lot." Six said.

"Was he something more than a friend or a leader?" Kat asked, sensing something there Six wasn't telling her. It wasn't serious like romance, butâ€¦ something a little more than just friends or best friends.

Six sighed and ran his fingers through his sandy hair, "Grey was my older brother. They took up both at the program, we were allowed to stay in the same battalion, actually the same company and squad simply because we both were so competitive." Six smiled a bit, "I remember this one time on the obstacle course we tackled each other into the goal post. We got forced to do pushups until the next day."

Kat smiled, "I wished I'd met him. He seemed like a cute guy."

Six snorted, "We had the same looks although he had black hair to mine. We'd sometimes switch name tags and swap classes. The only thing that gave us away was our smirk. His always seemed a bit to the left and mine the opposite."

"So if he was here I'd have to deal with two of you?" Kat asked.

Six stared to criticize her, then realized she was trying to speak fondly of him. "Hey just imagine, then you'd have to decide on which insanely hot guy to choose." Six teased.

"Hey, don't talk of the dead! He's your brother!"

"Never said he wouldn't enjoy this chat" Six smirked.

"SIX!" Kat snapped, "come on! You need to go to training!"

Six groaned and sat up, "Noooooooo, I'm unmotivated and I'll suck~!"

Kat groaned, "Do you want some motivation?" She asked after a minute, a smile on her face.

Six's eyebrow's raised and he smirked, "Oh I'd love some."

Kat smiled and she rolled on top of him. He interrupted her as she leaned in. "You know, I thought that you were saving this for the dance."

Kat smiled and kissed his lips quickly before jumping up and striding out of the room. Six cursed himself for being observant before her quickly ran out to dress in his armor. He arrived thirty minutes late, getting a quick scolding from Carter before they performed basic drills. Six had never drilled so hard in his life. He even threw Jorge over the practice wall, plus an extra five feet which was a new record.

Kat smiled in her helmet. She could almost feel the frustration rolling off Six, along with Carter, Emilie and Jorge. June however was oblivious as he practiced proper sniper rifle cycling and modifying. Six could swear he could already assemble three sniper rifles with his eyes closed, but Jun insisted.

Six scowled in his helmet, his rage could be clearly felt by everyone, "Carter, I'm taking a break before I kill someone."

"Gran-" Carter started, "I wasn't asking sir." Six snapped as he stormed out of the room, storm clouds and all.

As soon as he did everyone turned to Kat and said, "What did you do?"

## 8. See You Soon

\*\*Sorry it took so long guys. Forgive me? Also guys. I seriously almost cried writing this. But I'll leave it up to you if it's good or bad. You know the drill. R&R. ShadowedSword21, signing off. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Happier Days<strong>

Six shifted his feet nervously as he looked around. One odd glance, one weird feeling, and his cover could be blown and he'd be found out. Then he'd be killed, or worseâ€¦. That would be very very bad.

"Don't be so tense." Kat's voice whispered in his ear. "Just calm down."

>The tension in his shoulders remainder, but he dropped the defensive look and relaxed his stance a bit. He turned and smiled. "On the bright sideâ€¦." His eyes flickered up and down her form. "You look nice."<br>Kat smiled. "Do I? I thought you wanted me to wear the purple one."

Six shrugged, "Blue looks good on you too." He replied as he looked around again.

The dance was nice. The cafeteria had been cleared, the tile scrubbed and a black mat rolled out, which if you looked with a black light, was actually the dojo floor and bloodstains were just about everywhere, but still. They tried. The marines had practically done flips when they heard about it and they'd set to it faster than their CO's could even think of assigning tasks. It was done before lunch, and nobody even complained about having to eat outside.

Six chuckled. "They did a good job." He said, wrapping an arm around Kat's waist. "But I personally like the treat in front of me." His eyes met hers, but Kat quickly turned.  
>"They didâ€¦". She trailed off and then looked back at him with a smile. "I thinkâ€¦". The smile turned into a grin, "my 'date' should meet my teammates, see if they approve of you."<br>Six's eyes widened. "You wouldn't dare." He said, taking a small step back." He had only come like this, without the gasmask or handkerchief because Kat requested it, and nobody really knew his face, except Emilie and Katâ€¦ He was posing as Kate's date, a Hell Jumper by the name of McCarly, who was actually a fictitious character, but Six had his AI manufacture a military ID, although it wouldn't pass professional inspection.

Kat shrugged. "Would I?" Six turned and started to run when Kat grabbed his arm.

He groaned, he couldn't pull his hand out of hers without causing a scene, or it looking weird that a Helljumper just got away from a Spartan. He bit his lip. Damn technicalities. Straight to the deepest bowels of Hell.

>"You're a pain." Six said as he let himself be drag, literally dragged, across the mat to Carter, Jorge and Jun, who were talking and discussing the light fixtures. Ironically Six had to put some of those up, and got shocked once or twice.<p>

Kat smiled. "Hey guys, guess who this is."  
>Carter gave her a blank stare. "A marine." He said.<p>

Jorge shrugged. "A Helljumper?"  
>June snorted. "It's Six."<br>The other two turned and raised an eyebrow at him. "Jun. That's not Six. Six is in his bunk. He doesn't do dances." Carter said. "Besides," He tapped his wrist and a holo of Six's armor appeared on the screen. As they watched it moved and started slowly polishing the bracer. "He's polishing his armor. Been a while so he wanted to do it."

Six smiled. Nice job Emilie! He turned and saluted them. "Sir!" He said.

Carter dismissed it. "Good job on recognizing protocol, but this is informal, enjoy it soldier, I'm Noble One, Carter. Pleased to meet you." He held out his hand.

>Six took it slowly, and squeezed it was what he guessed was average strength. Carter smiled, and squeezed back, and would have given a normal soldier a bruise. Six managed to fake a winch and grimace.

"Ow." He said.<p>

"Forgive me, muscle enhancements and that." Carter said.

Six nodded. "Not a problem sir."

Jorge chuckled. "He's a stickler for protocol huh?" He shook his head. "Well, nice to meet you. I'm Jorge."

Six nodded again. "McCarly,"

Kat pushed Six back. "Enough meet and greet, it's a party. Mingle time." She pointed at Carter, "and I expect you to have at least one girl on you by the end of the night."

Six chuckled as Carter rolled his eyes.

Kat dragged him back to the dance floor. "See that wasn't so bad."

Six sighed. "I guess not." He said, "But that was completely unnecessary. Now they'll look for a McCarly." Kat shrugged and smiled. Six rolled his eyes. "You're impossible."

"That's a bad thing?" She asked as she let him take control and lead them in a slow song.

"No." Six said. "But it can be a bit of a hassle." He thought about it for a step of two. "Frustrating."

Kat said nothing for a while, letting them dance in silence for a full minute before she answered. "How so."

Six hesitated in his movement, also causing him to step on her toe. He recovered and looked into her eyes. They held a small light, hopeful maybe, but he couldn't be sure. He bit his lip. He didn't want to say the wrong thing, but he wanted to speak his mind. Women were worse than landmines.

He continued dancing the rest of the song, leading her off the dancefloor and out of the room. "You're frustrating like this." HE said, "Asking a difficult question, yet expecting a simple answer. You tease me worse than I tease you, and you always seem to smile when I least expect it. You're a bit of a hassle, distracting me when I look at you or. Or. Or." Six stuttered and threw up his hands. "Making me fumble with my words." HE finished.  
>Kat crossed her arms. "I'm sorry?"<br>Six shook his head, walking forward quickly and closing the distance between them. "Don't say that."

"Why?"

"Because it makes it that much harder to not kiss you."

Kat smiled and tilted her head up. "Sorry."

Six rolled his eyes. "Sarcastic." He muttered before his lips touched hers. And this time, it wasn't any quick kiss. No. By the time he had to pull away, he was sure he'd suffocate if he didn't.

He smiled, sucking in a greedy gulp of air before diving right back into the kiss. Kat said nothing as he lifted her up, his enhanced muscles making her light as a feather as he walked her back until she was pressed up against the wall.

"These moments don't come often." She said in the space between a kiss.

Six grunted as he kissed her again. Her lips were soft, which he found so interesting. Her body was built for battle, tuned for war, and made specifically to kill with ease, and yetâ€¦. Her lips were soft. Softer than a feather to him. And the taste had his mouth watering.

"We'll have to make them last then." He said.

"Forever and ever. Until one of us dies." She replied.

Six smiled sadly. "Then I hope this moment never ends. Because this is once moment, one memory, I don't ever want to forget."

Kat smiled. "Then don't. Not ever. Not in battle, not in war. Not in life, not in death. Don't forget us when you're in suffering, or we're apart, or in pain. Remember this one moment."

Six nodded. "I promise." And they sealed it with a kiss.

\* \* \*

><p>Tears trekked down his face and fell on the small picture. His eyes hurt from crying, his lungs were on fire and his heart felt like it'd been run over by a tank. His head hurt, his stomach was twisted up in a knot, and his muscles screamed in pain. He cried as he stared at the picture. How many days since then? How long had it been since That happened?<br>Too long. He'd spent too long without her. Jorge had let him with a mission he fulfilled, so did Carter. Carter cleared the way. Jun had to fill out his mission, but he might be gone too. Emilie had gone out fighting, protecting the future. But what about him? What about him?

He let out a small sob, then bit his tongue. That was unprofessional. Then he shook his head. So what? You've been strong all your life. You didn't cry at your brother's funeral, or your teams. So cry. Cry for your teammates, cry for Gray, For Julie, For Connor. And he let it all out.

His tears burned as he felt them run down his face and then drip off his chin, or nose onto the picture. The picture of Kat, and Emilie and Jorge, and even Jun and Carter. And then there he was, sitting in the back, a bit awkward as he looked at the camera his teammates had set up.

His hand balled up into a fist, crushing the picture in his palm as he got off the rock.

"ENOUGH!" He yelled. "I'm tired."

He wiped his tears off. "I'm tired of this. I'm tired of going on without them. I'm tired of having to future. I'm tired of war. I'm tired of this suffering. I'm tired!" Tears still welled up. "I'm sick of it. Why can't I win? Why can't I just live. Why!? You took Gray, Julie. Mason, Eric, Connor, you took them! Now you've taken Carter, You took Jorge and Emilie and you ripped out my heart when you took Kat!" He shouted into the black.

>He bit his lip. He was sitting in a cave yelling at nothing. He was



so stupid. He couldn't protect Gray, or Kat. He couldn't even save Reach. He sighed and stared at the ground. On it lay a small pistol. He could recite the model number, even disassemble it within fifteen seconds. He picked it up and dropped the clip. He caught the magazine and pulled a small bullet out of his armor pouch. He slid it into the clip and then slammed it home in the gun. He cocked it and put it to his head.<p>

"See you soon Kat." He said as he squeezed the trigger.

The cave echoed with the bag of the pistol as the hammer hit the primer. The primer set off the gunpowder, sending the bullet out at a fatal speed. Six's eyes were closed as he waited.

And he waited.

And waited.

Then he opened his eyes.

"Dumbass."

He dropped the pistol. He got faster than he'd ever moved before. So fast he couldn't believe he moved it. But he wrapped his arms around her, only to have them pass through. He bit his lip.

"Why?" He asked.

"You still have something to do."

Six stared at her. The one person he wanted right now. For just one more night. He wanted her to be with him. And then forever and always, he'd be happy. "What?" He asked. "Tell me. What must I do."

Kat smiled, her pale image leaning down, he hand came up and cupped Six's chin. "Fight. Fight for me. Fight for the future." She said. "That's all."

The cave was filled with a blast of wind, strong enough to make Six stumble as it hit him. And in that wind he felt not just one presence in it he felt ten. He felt Jorge picking him up, Carter pushing him forward. He felt Jun watching his back and Emilie patting him on the back. He felt Gray's strong arms around him in a hug, he felt Mason's palm slapping his back and Conner's big fist bumping his. He felt Julie's small kiss on his cheek, and he heard the whisper of the wind that was Eric wishing him luck, but most of all, he felt the soft, soft kiss of Kat as she kissed his lips.

He gritted his teeth. "What am I doing?" He asked. "Like hell I'm dying like this." He got up and picked up his helmet.

He walked to the mouth of the cave, the morning sun meeting him as it rose over the dusty planet that was once Reach. He was alone again, but he was not. He was the lone wolf, but this time, standing behind him was his friends, his family, his teammates, and his love. His hands balled up into fists.

"Sorry love." He mumbled. "Our date is going to be a bit late." He crouched down and picked up an assault rifle from the ground. He

wiped the blood off it and checked the clip. "So I'll see you when I'm done taking out the trash."

He started walking out into the dust. "I love you."

End  
file.